

# The White Rose of Baruel

A Memory of the "Forty-five"

BY

ALAN GRAY

BULMAN BROS. LTD.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

1916

PS 8513 . R36 W3

To the Sweet Memory of

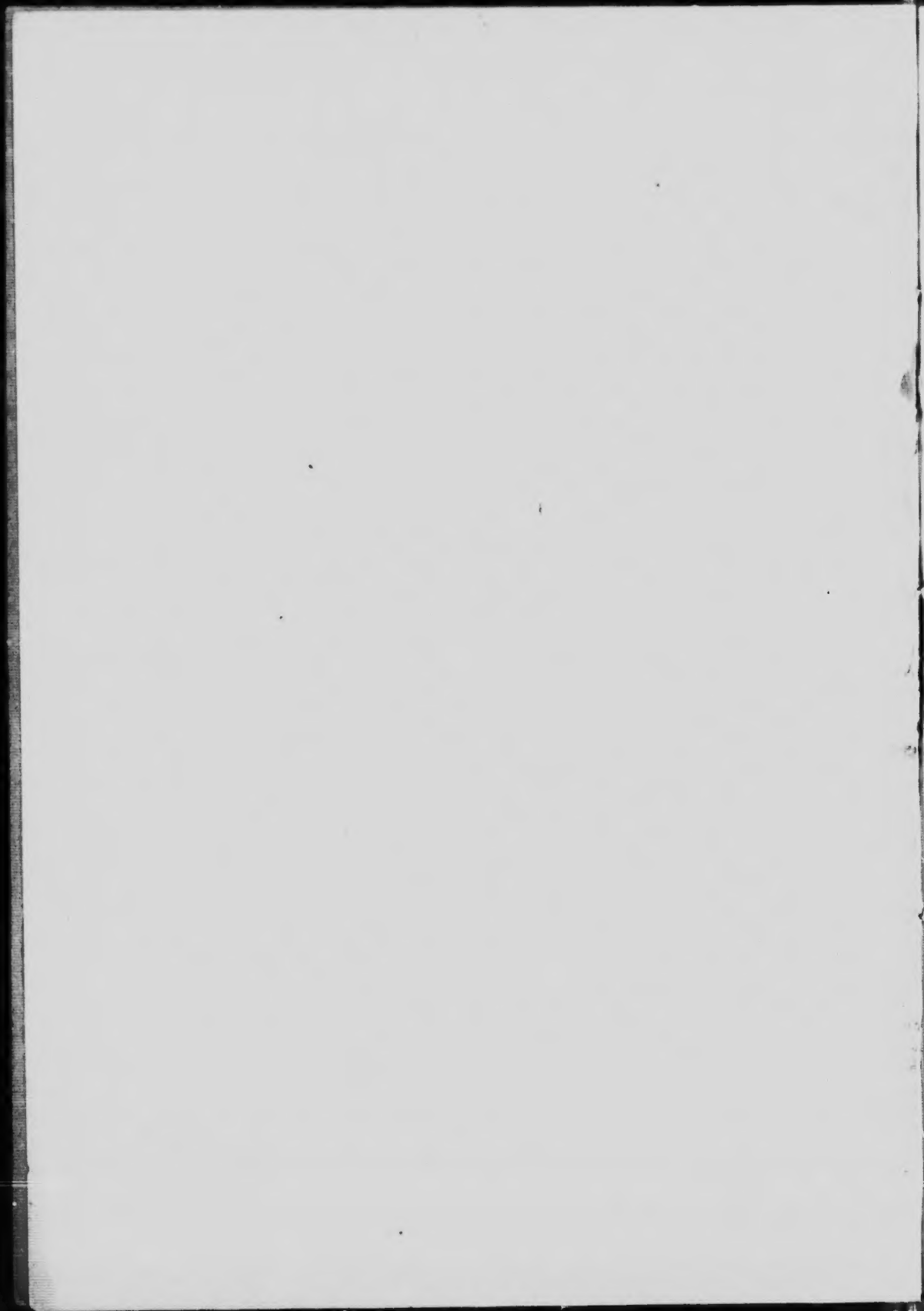
My Mother

whose forebears were the

"Tenters" of my simple

little tale

159521



## THE WHITE ROSE OF DARVEL:

*A Memory of the "Forty-five."*

---

### CHAPTER I.

**J**ULY the twenty-third, in the Year of Grace, 1745, will ever be a red-letter day in the calendar of the "leal," for on that day Bonnie Prince Charlie, the darling hero of Scottish romance, the last hope of the Stuarts, first set foot on the land that was his father's and his, by right of birth and lineage.

Men accounted him mad, when they heard of his setting out, accompanied by but a mere handful of followers, to displace an established dynasty, and to recover for his father the crown of three kingdoms. Subsequent events proved that there was "method in his madness." Of the two vessels that set sail from the coast of France, only one, the *Doutelle*, with the Prince on board, reached its destination in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland. The landing was made at Eriska, in South Uist, the country of the Macdonalds. The laird of Clanranald, the chief of the sept, was from home, but Macdonald of Boisdale, brother of the chief, came to pay his respects to the Prince. Instead, however, of giving any encouragement to the idea of a "rising," he did all he could to throw cold water upon it, assuring Charles that the whole affair was premature, and could only end in disaster. He little knew the resolute character of the man with whom he was dealing, for all his argument failed. The little party of adventurers once more boarded their vessel, sailed to Lochuanuagh, and landed at Boisdale. There

the Prince was visited by the "gentle Lochiel," the beau ideal of a Highland chieftain. No one could have been more devoted to the cause of his exiled master than he; and yet, conscientiously believing the enterprise to be a desperate one, he earnestly begged the Prince to relinquish the scheme, for a time, at least.

But—no! when reason failed, Charles made a passionate appeal to the love and loyalty of the Highlanders, and succeeded so completely in arousing the warm Celtic blood of his auditors that they flung prudence to the winds, and declared their readiness to rally all their clansmen under his banner.

Such confidence had Charles in Lochiel's far-reaching influence, that he felt fully assured of the co-operation of the West. Accordingly, the "fiery cross" was sent out over hill and dale, and not a few ingenious schemes were resorted to for the transmission of the news. In a remarkably short space of time thousands of all ranks were making ready to fight for the "cause," which in their heart of hearts they believed to be that of "right against might."

The standard of James the Third and Eighth was unfurled at Glenfinnan on August 19, and the "rising" of 1745 was an undoubted fact.

Many who had been out in the former rising of 1715 had gone into exile after Sheriffmuir, and were now either dead, or afraid to risk a return to Scotland.

At the same time there were many chiefs, both Highland and Lowland, who had managed to live at home unmolested. For thirty years they had crushed down their contempt for the Hanoverian government, and had remained perfectly inactive; but their love for the old Royal Family was by no means dead. It needed but the news of the raising of the Standard at Glenfinnan to re-awaken their loyalty.

Forbes of Darvel, the feudal superior of the farm which for over two centuries had been tenanted by my mother's forebears, the Leslies, was deeply attached to the exiled line. For five years after "The Fifteen" he had lived at St. Germain's; in 1720 he returned to Scotland, and took up his abode at the Old House of Darvel, where his simple, unobtrusive goodness won for him the esteem and affection of the whole countryside. He had almost arrived at the Psalmist's "threescore years and ten," when a "wee bird" brought him the news that the Prince had landed; and, despite the fact that he had lived peaceably under Hanoverian rule, he resolved once more to take up arms for the old dynasty. It should never be said that a Forbes of Darvel was wanting when his "rightful king" needed his services. He knew that he could rely on the loyalty of his tenantry, for, even as late as the eighteenth century, there remained among the tenant-farmers of Aberdeenshire much of the old feudal attachment to their feudal superior. Many of these had been out in "The Fifteen," and had been more than content to bear the stigma laid upon the Jacobites by the reigning government; and, when the veteran steward of the Darvel estates conveyed to them the wishes of his master, one and all hastened to set their affairs in order, and be in readiness for the final call to muster.

Charles Leslie of the Braeside was beginning to feel the weight of years pressing upon him; but his heart was as young and loyal as ever; and even if he felt that he himself was hardly fit for the hardships of a fresh campaign, he had two stalwart sons who would need no persuasion to take the field and uphold the family honor.

By the middle of September a troop of fifty horsemen was in readiness, and would be at the place of rendezvous within a few hours of receiving the summons.



The whole neighborhood was seething with an undercurrent of enthusiasm, although there was nothing outwardly to give evidence of it. Everything had to be done with the utmost secrecy, lest interference should come from the local adherents of the government.



## CHAPTER II.

A SUMMER sunrise among the grand old heath-clad hills of Scotland—is there any sight in nature to be compared to it? Certainly not—to us—the Children of the Mist!

The silence that precedes the dawn is not to be experienced at any other hour. The whole air is charged with an expectancy that is almost painful in its sweetness. The peaceful glen, guarded by titanic sentinels, sleeps like a child that is tired with the frolics of the day. From the tops of the surrounding hills faint gleams of light, so faint as to be almost shadowy, spread upwards in the great blue dome—they are the ghostly heralds of the Lord of Day. As the eye seeks to follow them, and to trace their form, they seem to vanish, as if absorbed in the effulgence that extends far and wide around the chariot of the Sun, rolling upwards from the glorious East. The silence is broken; the spellbound earth awakes from its dreamy sleep; nature makes known her resurrection in a thousand ways. The green of moss and grass and fern and fir tree becomes at once instinct with life; the bloom of the heather and the gorse clothe the braeside and the glen with a royal mantle of purple and gold.

To young Alistair Leslie, such a sunrise, in the late summer of 1745, was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. He had but a short time before returned from his last Arts' session at Marischal College, in Aberdeen, having obtained his master's degree. He loved his books, but he loved the book of nature best of all. City life had little charm for him, save as it afforded him opportunities for making an acquaintance with men and books, denied him in the simpler life of the country. His father and

mother were eager that their student son should dedicate his life to the ministry of the Church, among the old persecuted remnant of the "Gentle Persuasion"; but Alistair's feelings and wishes were entirely opposed to this. He was an ardent student of Church history, and possessed an unusual knowledge of theological lore. He was never at a loss, when called upon, to defend the attitude of the Scottish Episcopal Church. He recognized—to the full—the "priesthood of the laity," and had made up his mind to remain a layman, but to strive after such a position in life as would enable him to be of real service to the Church in the troublous days that lay before her.

He was always the first to be out-of-doors in the morning; in these early hours he found greater freedom for thought, and more uninterrupted communion with God through His works. There was nothing of the mystic or the recluse about Alistair, neither did he wear his religion upon his sleeve. He was a manly young fellow, and yet a veritable Nicodemus. If he did choose to come to the Master by night, it was not from cowardice, but from innate shyness. Should the need arise, he would, like Nicodemus, be ready to stand in the breach.

On the morning in question he had left his room earlier than usual, that he might enjoy in happy solitude the first hour of the day. The pleasure to be had from watching the sunrise was one he could not lightly forego. The very joy of living, amid such surroundings, brought an unuttered song of thanksgiving into his heart. Caution was thrown to the winds,—love of Church and King would find expression—and the hills resounded with the words of the gathering song he had learned from the trusted messengers of the Bonnie Prince:

"O come, come along, and join in our song,  
And march wi' oor lads along and along;  
He's waiting us there, where the heather grows fair  
And clans they are gathering strong, and strong.

"He should be a king—ye ken wha I mean,  
Tho' Whigs they winna aloo, aloo;  
We durna speak out, but we needna a doot,  
That a' that I tell you is true, is true.

"On that steep mountain breast, where shadows oft rest,  
And burnies are tumblin' doon an' doon,  
In that shady recess, there's ane ye may guess,  
Is heir to oor ain auld Scotland's croon.

"Like a sunbeam to cheer, he soon will appear,  
Graceful and fleet, like a mountain deer;  
Come, gaither a', gaither along and along,  
The clans and the echoes will join in oor song."

He was about to repeat the chorus, when the voice of some one behind him made him pull up sharp.

"Hooly, hooly, my young man, that's a gey dangerous sang to be hearin' aboot a respectable fairm toon at this early oor o' the mornin'. Whaur learnt ye that, Alistair?"

Recovering from his surprise, the young fellow turned himself around hastily, and met the gaze of an elderly gentleman on horseback, who was approaching quietly from the hill road. He at once recognized the newcomer as Mr. Donald Fraser, factor or steward of the Darvel estate.

"Ye gae me a bit o' a scare, Mr. Fraser. It's juist as weel it's nae a stranger. Hae ye nae heard the bonnie gaitherin' sang before? There were two or three o' oor kind in the Magistrand class at college, and when ony o' the Prince's folks happened to be aboot, we used to foregather in the forenichts, and speak aboot wh't we could do to help on the good cause. We were feared to speak in oor rooms, and sae we would tak' a walk oot as

far as the Brig o' Balgownie, or ower the links by the sea, whaur naebody could hear us."

"Weel, weel, my laddie, ye'll get a chance o' daein' something noo. I've juist come ower to hae a bit crack wi' yer father aboot the troop o' horse that the laird is raising, and he's needin' a' the brave hearts he can get."

The boy's bosom swelled with enthusiasm, as he stood by the factor's side, for he realized that now had come the opportunity for which he had been eagerly looking. He laid his hand on the old man's knee, and looking up into his face, said in tones of almost tearful entreaty:

"You'll nae stand in my way, Mr. Fraser, will ye? Ye ken I've a good horse o' my ain, and I can ride wi' the best o' them."

"Dinna ye disturb yersel', Alistair; the Leslies have aye been true to the cause of right—they'll never turn their backs on the auld Stuarts. But, is there no a bonnie lassie that'll hae something to say in the maitter? Her folks are a' George's men?"

Alistair blushed at this sly allusion, but replied without a moment's hesitation:

"Oh, aye, the Garlands o' the Knowe are generally supposed to be Whigs,—they ken best themselves. The auld leddy and Elsie are true to the Prince, although they maun keep a quiet sough about it. See what Elsie gave me yestere'en. Do ye think she means me to keep this oot o' sight a' the time?"

As he spoke he took from his pocketbook a beautifully made rose of white satin.

"I see there's naething to fear from that quarter; sae we'll e'en go in bye and see the rest, for I have a lang day in the saddle before me, and I'm nae sae supple as I used to be."

Making their way up the old rose garden, they came to the main door of the house, which Alistair opened,

ushering the visitor into his father's business room. In a few moments old Charles Leslie and his wife were welcoming their friend, and expressing apparent surprise at so early a visit.

"Aye, my old friends, ye'll may be no' sae ready to welcome me when ye know my business. He whom you wot of has landed, and needs the help of all his friends. I can hardly think that the men who ventured so much in the past will prove false to the good cause now. What say ye, Charles?"

"Weel, Mr. Fraser, I'm no juist as young as I hae been, and I doot I wadna stand anither campaign as I did in the 'Fifteen,' but I'm sair mista'en if there's no a white cockade or twa about the braeside o' Darvel. What think ye, guidwife?"

As the old man spoke he looked eagerly at his faithful helpmeet, fearing, yet hoping; but, well as he knew her, he had yet to sound the depths of her loyalty.

She was only a plain, unassuming farmer's wife, who knew nothing of the great world beyond her native strath; nevertheless there was an innate dignity, born of loyalty to her God and her King, which would have graced a princess of the blood royal, in her quiet reply.

"Dinna think, Charles Leslie, that I'll haud the lads back from following their Prince. God kens I lo'e them weel, and would gladly keep them from danger; but He kens that I love my rightful King, too, and shame it were if ony bairn o' mine would keep back when his help is needed. There's may be mair white cockades about this auld hoose than even ye ken o'."

Varied were the sensations produced by the old lady's words on the three who heard them. The two elders were almost ashamed of their own timidity; on Alistair's face pride and joy chased one another in rapid succession.

There were a few minutes of almost breathless stillness, and then the little company settled down to the discussion of plans.

"The laird will be ready to set out in three days' time, and in the meantime he needs a faithful messenger to carry the news to some of the distant tenants. Besides, he looks on this call to arms as a call from heaven, and he would ask for God's blessing on the enterprise. Mr. Skinner is a true and faithful friend of his exiled Prince, and will be glad to send away the men with the Church's benison. Alistair, I know of no one whom I would more readily trust than you with this message, which needs much care and caution. Will you do it?"

"Aye will I, wi' right guid will, and ye may depend on my using the best judgment I possess. I'll set oot for Linshart the morn, and a' thing will be in readiness for the Sacrament by Thursday at midnight. The men will need to come in aboot quietly by twas and threes and gather in the green in front o' the parsonage. Sentinels will hae to be posted on ilka side, for fear o' a surprise. But ye'll ken a' aboot this better than I can tell you. There's twa or three gey strong supporters o' King George rooned aboot the auld chapel, so a' thing will hae to be done very quietly."

"Weel, I'll no say ony mair, Alistair; ye're yer father's son, and, I am sure, will do evervthing in your power to settle a' the necessary details. Tell Mr. Skinner that the folk will come in aboot quietly, and he'll juist need to use his ain discretion aboot the arrangements for the Sacrament. God be wi' you, Alistair, an' keep ye frae a' danger."

Mr. Fraser rose, and, having bade farewell to the old couple, he mounted his pony, and set out to interview other families that were known to be faithful to the old dynasty.

## CHAPTER III.

THE eighteenth century was a trying time for the old Scottish Episcopal Church. Suspected, and not without cause, of strong Jacobite leanings, her members were subjected to all sorts of annoyances and deprivations. They dared not erect churches having anything of an ecclesiastical character; their clergy did not use the surplice, but wore the black academical gown and bands, like their Presbyterian neighbors; they did not dare to read the services of the Book of Common Prayer in their entirety; but, their conception of the Church's polity took a much higher ground than that of the more favored sister Church to the south of the Tweed. So far as externals were concerned, they were lamentably deficient; yet for all that, the "Gentle Persuasion" presented to the world a conception of Christianity drawn from the purest sources of the primitive ages.

When the Rev. John Skinner and his wife came to Linshart in the winter of 1742, to minister to the "faithful" in a district coextensive with the ancient earldom of Buchan, they found everything very primitive. One humble, thatched cottage served for a church, and a similar one for a parsonage.

In scholarship Mr. Skinner stood far above the average of his time; as a lyric poet he had won the enthusiastic admiration of Robert Burns, whose star was then in the ascendant; but it was neither his theological learning nor his poetic genius that made him beloved of the whole countryside. While every one knew of his staunch adherence to the principles of the Church he served, Presbyterian and Episcopalian alike noted his uprightness of character and saintliness of life, and revered him



accordingly. His humble abode was a place of refuge for all who needed sympathy and counsel. No one ever more truly earned for himself the old title of "Servus Servorum Dei"—"The servant of the servants of God"—than did he. No sacrifice was too great for him, so long as he could aid his fellow men, advance the cause of the Church, or manifest his sterling loyalty. We have only to look into the pages of Church history to learn something of the hardships endured by the pastor-poet for the principles he had espoused.

Such was the man whose blessing upon their enterprise was sought by Darvel and his men. Alistair Leslie had for him a reverence and affection next to that he had for those nearest and dearest to him, and so when it became his province to apprise the clergyman of the Loyalist plans he set about the task with all his heart. There was little sleep for him after he had received his orders from Mr. Fraser. Before daybreak he was astir. His first visit was paid to the stable, to feed and groom his faithful mare, "Sheila." To her he talked as to a rational being capable of understanding all his feelings and inspirations, and, really, had one seen the affectionate look of the dumb animal, and heard the happy whinnying with which she responded to the young lad's talk, one had almost thought that she knew all about it. The needful preparations completed, he returned to the house, to snatch a hasty breakfast, and get ready for his journey. Of course, his mother was waiting for him, eager to attend to his creature comforts, and to speak a few parting words. To her the occasion was a very solemn one.

"I hope ye understand that this is nae mere ploy ye're gaun on, Alistair laddie; it's a righteous mission—to rouse the 'leal' aroon' their Prince—and to upset the miserable foreigners wha hae settled themselves where they hae no richt to be. God be wi' ye, Alistair, and keep ye

steadfast to the end, whatever it may be! And oh! may He send ye safe back to yer father and me!"

The parting with his mother was almost like a sacrament. In spite of his quiet and undemonstrative nature, he could not help taking the old lady in his strong, manly arms, and pressing her to his bosom as he sobbed out:

"Ye maunna think I'm feared, or sorry to go, mother, for I ken I'm doing what is right; but I ken, too, ye'll often be wearyin' about us, and wondering hoo we're faring. Try and keep as cheery as ye can. Wi' God's help, we'll mak' a bold stand for the 'Auld Hoose.' "

"I'm nae feared that ony Leslie will be either traitor or coward," said the brave mother. "We're never yet had ony want o' loyalty among Leslies or Frasers. Your father and my brithers were oot in the 'Fifteen,' and ne'er ane o' them grudged the loss o' gear or even life itself for the sake o' their rightful king."

"There's just ae thing I would have liked, mother, had it been possible, and that is to have had father and you at Linshart, where good Mr. Skinner dispenses the Sacrament, before we set oot."

"That surely would hae been a great privilege, Alistair, but it canna be. However, we'll be wi' ye in spirit. Dinna forget us when ye're sayin' in the Creed, 'I believe in the communion of Saints'—ye little ken what comfort there is in that. Distance canna stop that. Oh! it's a grand thing to ken that we're a' one in the love o' the Master."

Only a few more words passed between them—the appearance of his father leading Sheila brought the farewell to an end.

One more embrace and a grasp of his father's hand—a grasp which spoke more eloquently than words—a quick leap into the saddle, and Alistair was gone.

His route lay through a bare and uninteresting tract of country, in which nature provided little to lighten the tedium of the journey. Now and then Alistair would see an early riser moving about his homestead; but beyond a mere passing glance, he gave such no concern. His mind was fully taken up with the mission he had in hand. He stopped, from time to time, at village or farmhouse, to deliver his message. All the "faithful" in the district were so well known to one another that it was a comparatively easy matter for him to make his arrangements, without creating any suspicions among those whose loyalty might be at all questionable.

By the "gloamin'" Alistair had fulfilled his task, and had entered on the last stage of his journey, which in less than an hour would bring him to the residence of Mr. Skinner.

The evening was still young when he reached his destination. As soon as the sounds of Sheila's hoofs were heard, the minister was at the door, ready to accord a hearty welcome.

"I am glad to see you, Alistair—I jalouse your errand. Just you wait a wee till I bring ye a lantern."

In a few minutes the faithful mare was carefully attended to, and this done the minister and his guest made their way to the kitchen, where a simple but hearty supper awaited them.

They were soon discussing plans for the coming service.

"I would there were more I could do to help Darvel and the Prince; and yet it is something to be able to send you forth armed with the Church's blessing, and strengthened with spiritual food. The cause is just, Alistair, and must have the approval of Him whose every act is just. But we must not forget that there are many around us here who do not think as we think, and who, in spite

of personal friendship, would feel it their bounden duty to give information of our doings to the Imperial government. We'll e'en need to use as much prudence and caution as did the Christians in the days of Nero, when beset by the snares of the heathen. I'll trust you, Alistair, to see that careful watch is kept on every side till all is over, and the march southward begun."

As soon as the frugal meal was over, Alistair wrapped his plaid around his shoulders, and prepared to wait in the courtyard for the coming of his friends. They arrived in little groups of two and three, and from every point of the compass to avoid notice. Horses were taken down the little dene at the back of the house, and there tethered, while the men themselves sought shelter of the minister's barn, where they could talk on the situation in low tones till the service began. Some were there who had been out in the "Fifteen," and as the grizzled veterans told of the stirring times of thirty years before, the younger men's enthusiasm waxed strong, and they stretched themselves and sat upright as if they were all afire to take the field.

Just before the stroke of the midnight hour, the last of the troop arrived, and a movement was made towards the small green lawn in front of the cottage, where they arranged themselves so as to be within sound of the minister's voice. A few were stationed as sentinels, to give the alarm in case of a surprise, and these would remain steadfastly at their posts until others came to relieve them, and allow them to make their communion.

There was no finely draped altar—only a small table, covered with a fair linen cloth, stood just inside the window of the minister's study, and behind it the young priest himself, in Geneva gown and bands. The communion vessels were only of pewter, but they bore the marks of carefulness. Everything was simple and plain, but there

was a decorum and dignity, which is often wanting in more pretentious functions.

The moon, struggling through a mass of clouds, looked down upon a scene that might well have belonged to the days of primitive Christianity—a devoted band of Christian soldiers kneeling in lowly reverence on the soft green grass, under the open canopy of heaven, to receive the "Eucharist" before starting on their crusade. As the words of the beautiful Scotch Liturgy fell on their ears, they forgot all else save the Holy Presence that was with them: to them it was a real "sacramentum" nerving them to do and dare for all that was good, and loyal and true. They were realizing the full meaning of the old motto—"Pro rege, lege, et grege." They were pledging themselves in a twofold sense—to contend for their rightful King, for their National Constitution, and for their fellow patriots; but, they were also pledging themselves to fight for—The King, Immortal, Invisible—the one living and true God—for the laws of Eternal Righteousness—for the faithful souls who were members of Christ's one Holy Catholic, Apostolic Church.

Group after group knelt down at the open window to receive the "Bread of Life"; the solemnity of the whole was awe-inspiring in the extreme: and when the minister raised his hand in benediction, the hush of the little crowd was most significant.

One by one, they rose from their knees and made for the little den where their horses were tethered; and in less than a quarter of an hour the troop was ready to start. When all were in order, their old chief rode to the front, and, drawing his sword, said:

"O God, Thou knowest our cause is just. March, gentlemen." Not a word was spoken till they were well on their way. Through lonely glen and wooded Strath they rode, stopping now and then to rest and refresh

themselves and their wearied steeds; and thus did they for three days.

Just as the third day was merging into night, they arrived at Perth, where the Chevalier and his friends were waiting the contingent from the North.

What a welcome awaited them! Darvel's loyalty was well known, and so, when the grim old warrior was seen approaching at the head of his troops, there was a general exclamation of—"Lang looked for's come at last. Here's Darvel and his men—no mony, 'tis true, but leal to the core, and ready for onything that needs strong arms and brave hearts."

Willing hands were ready to see to the stabling of the horses, and there were many others even more ready to look to the comfort of the men. In a very short time all weariness was forgotten and the lads from the Bents o' Buchan were mingling among Highlanders from Achna and Glengarry and Lowlanders from Fife and The Lothians. "All went merry as a marriage bell," and few thought of the storm and stress that was hanging over them like a rain cloud ready to burst.

Friend met friend and interchanged notes. Hope—brightest hope—was in the ascendant. None could dream of anything but success—with such fervor and enthusiasm, failure was never to be thought of. Ah! well—"L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose."

They had to dree their weird.

## CHAPTER IV.

**D**URING their short stay at Perth, the Jacobites were as busy as a hive of bees in summer time. They had a great deal to do, by way of completing their equipment and making such arrangements as were necessary in the mobilizing of troops.

Officers were chosen for the various corps, mostly from those who had gained some knowledge of military affairs during the previous campaign. Alistair Leslie, chiefly on account of his education and horsemanship, was given a commission as cornet, with a view to his acting as orderly to his commanding officer. This mark of esteem he greatly valued, but the preferment by no means aroused within him the slightest self-assertion. The innate modesty, which had always characterized him, was still shown in his every act and word.

His unswerving loyalty to The Cause, and the affectionate regard in which he held his laird, would always safeguard him from anything unworthy of his careful upbringing.

It was the eve before the day on which they were to set out on their march southwards. Darvel and his officers were sitting in consultation in the hostelry where they were quartered. Alistair had just finished writing out the orders for the troop, and was about to take his leave, when the laird addressed him:

"Don't go away for a few minutes, Leslie; I wish to have a few words with you."

Taking this as a hint for them to retire, the officers left the room and set out about their own affairs.

As soon as they were alone Darvel turned to his young companion and said:



"Can your horse manage a ride of ten or twelve miles to-night? I have a commission which I would have attended to by one who knows how to keep some things to himself. Before we set out I thought it wise to commit my daughters to the care of their uncle, Mr. Murray, of Luncarty, during my absence from home, and I rather think they will arrive in Perth to-night. I cannot accompany them to their uncle's house, I cannot even see them while they are in the city; but if you will ride behind their carriage during the last stage of their journey I shall be assured of their safety. How say you?"

The young officer did not need to reply; but his eyes spoke volumes, and his whole face glowed with pride at the confidence reposed in him.

"It will be a pleasure to me to carry out your wishes, sir."

"Thank you, my boy. Now for my instructions. I expect that the two young ladies are at this moment resting in the inn near the old tollhouse, on the Dundee road. You remember it—just on the outskirts of the city. Well, I want you to mount your horse, in a casual sort of way, and betake yourself to the neighborhood I have named, as speedily as possible. When you see the traveling carriage leave the inn, follow at a respectable distance, and keep your eye on it, lest they receive any hindrances. When you get through the city, follow it along the north road to Luncarty House.

"On your arrival there, tie up your horse in a quiet part of the wood; make your way to the house, and ask to see Miss Forbes, and deliver this letter into her own hands. Tell her I ordered you to wait for her reply. Having received that, return here as quickly and quietly as you can."

The young cornet took the missive from the hands of the laird, and with a parting salute left the room to carry

out his orders. Procuring his horse from the stable, he mounted, and soon was carrying out the programme detailed for him.

In spite of the speed at which the horses moved, it was quite dusk when the carriage, followed by Alistair on horseback, passed under the ivy-covered archway leading from the north road into the Luncarty policies. A quiet glade was easily found where Sheila could be left. Alistair did not tie her up, but stroking her glossy neck, and whispering a word or two in her ear, he proceeded to the great door of the house, where he had seen the young ladies enter. On mentioning his business to the manservant who opened in answer to his knock, he was admitted, and shown into a small room opening off the entrance hall.

Miss Forbes soon came to him, and warmly grasped the young man's hand. When she had read her father's letter, she smiled, and then laughed merrily, saying as she left the room:

"Don't go away till I return, Alistair."

A few minutes passed in silence, then footsteps were heard approaching.

He looked up expecting to see Miss Forbes reappear, but what was his amazement and joy when he saw—not the daughter of his chief—but Elsie Garland, the fair young "White Rose of Darvel," as she was called by many of her friends, and to whom, when a student, he had pledged his youthful affection.

He did not wait to ask any questions, but taking her in his arms pressed kiss after kiss on her sweet lips, then, holding her by both hands, he pushed her gently from him, so that he could look at her lovely face. Then, in a voice trembling with excitement, he said:

"How are you here, my darling? I do not need to tell you of my gladness, for the greatest sorrow I had

when I left home was that I dared not see you to say goodbye. I dared not arouse suspicion by going to the Knowe; all I could do was to leave with my mother a little note for you, to be given when a favorable chance occurred. How glad I am to have this visit. But tell me now how it is that I find you here."

The young girl's reply was given with heightened color and in somewhat tremulous tones:

"When the news of the Rising reached us at the Knowe, I could see that both my father and mother were at a loss to know how to act. I really think that, in their inmost hearts, they sympathize with the Prince; but things have not gone well with them for some time, and

now that father has had to accept a loan of money from Alan Kilgour, Sir William's factor, to tide him over till better times come. They have an idea that Alan wants me for his wife, and my life for some time past has not been very happy. They have been so persistent in their efforts to bring us together that I could endure it no longer, and told them so. Of course, there was a scene, and I do not know how things might have gone if the laird had not stepped in at the critical moment and begged father to allow me to accompany the young ladies as their companion."

"Poor Elsie, and I never kent ought of all this. Well, I fear my time is up. I see Miss Forbes is coming this way. When shall we meet again? We leave Perth tomorrow for the South, and who knows what may take place during the next few weeks."

At this juncture Miss Forbes came into the room.

"I am so sorry, dear Elsie, to shorten Alistair's visit, but—needs must. Just throw this cloak over your shoulders and walk with him to where he left his horse. He can come this way and leave you at the door."

And then, turning to the poor young fellow, she said:

"Give our love to father. Tell him that Ina and I are here in safety, and that we shall remember him and you all in our prayers every day. God bring you all back again to us, whether triumphant or vanquished. Good-bye, Alistair; God be with you."

Elsie and her lover passed quietly out into the calm summer night. For a moment or two they stood by the faithful Sheila, whom they had brought into the shadow of the mansion. Elsie was striving hard for Alistair's sake to keep back her tears; he, poor fellow, manly and brave as he was, could hardly restrain his emotion. He put his strong arms around her and pressed her to his bosom, calling her by all the fond names that are so rife in the good old Scottish Doric. Then, with one long kiss pressed upon her trembling lips, and a low "God keep you, my darling," he mounted his horse and rode quietly down the avenue.

A ride of less than an hour brought him into the city, and, having seen Sheila duly attended to for the night, he proceeded at once to the laird's quarters.

There was a canny smile on the old man's face as he received his daughter's letter and listened to the good news Alistair brought him.

"I can never thank you enough, sir, for your great goodness to me to-night. The only cloud that there was over my leaving home was that I had not been able to see Elsie and say good-bye to her. Now, thanks to you, that cloud has been removed."

Darvel took his young cornet's hand, and pressed it warmly.

"They say there's nae fules like auld anes, Alistair. I was once young, too. Miss Forbes had heard of Kilgour's attentions and knew how objectionable they were to Elsie; and so, out of our love for both of you, we planned this little scheme. I am only afraid that Kilgour may be

troublesome. He has taken a commission in one of the Lowland regiments that are now under Cope's command, and you may be sure he will keep on the outlook for you. But never fear. Do your duty nobly and manfully, as you have always done in the past, and you will have a Divine protection that can never fail you. If the Master needs your service on earth you will be immortal till you have done that work; if He needs your service elsewhere, do not grudge to follow His guiding into the quiet rest of Paradise. But, a truce to all sad thoughts. Haste ye to your bed, and sleep soundly that you may be ready for the march to-morrow. Good-night, laddie."

When the glorious rays of the morning sun broke over the "Fair City," they shone down upon a lively and inspiring scene. Troops of cavalry and infantry were drawn up ready for the road. Darvel and his troop occupied a prominent place in the van of the column; and Alistair's stalwart form as he sat on his fine steed, with the old Scottish Standard on a piked staff in his left hand, was not the least noticeable among many. Presently the Bonnie Prince himself, the hope of his ill-fated race, rode out at the head of the troops, attended by a brilliant staff, and the march southward was begun. No opposition was raised to their progress through the magnificently diversified scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, although it was easy to see that all the people they met were not upholders of the old line. A few miles above Stirling they crossed the Forth without mishap, a feat which Lord Mar had failed to do in 1715. At Stirling they made a longer halt than usual, to rest both horses and men, and to discover what they could of the movements of the enemy.

Then on again they marched, past the grand old ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, which had played such an interesting part in the past history of Scotland, from

the days of Bruce onwards; on through the finely wooded and gently undulating valley of the Forth; until, at the end of a long day's march, they found themselves on the west side of Corstorphine Hill, and within three miles of Edinburgh.

Here let us leave them for a brief space, while we go further afield, and see something of the doings of others in whom we are interested.

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN Darvel and his troop of horse set out to join the Prince, they left behind them not a few who were just as loyal as they, and who would readily have accompanied them, had it been deemed advisable. Some stalwart ones, however, had to remain, to protect the women and children, and to look after the crops, the money from which would be more than ever needed this year.

Charles Leslie, the younger, had gone on a visit to some distant friends during the "slack" time which in most seasons precedes the harvest, and so was unaware of all that had taken place. On his way home he stayed for a day in old Aberdeen, to give his horse a rest, and to attend to some commissions for his father. While there he was the guest of his mother's brother, Mr. Thomas Fraser, a well-known advocate of Aberdeen, whose comfortable house was situated on the north road, within a short distance of St. Machar's Cathedral and King's College. Mr. Fraser was a bachelor, but he was well cared for by a housekeeper, Tibbie Selbie, who had grown old in his service. In Mr. Fraser's home, Charles was always sure to meet with a warm welcome, for his mother's sake as well as his own.

His uncle was out when he arrived, and so Charles made his way to the kitchen, and drew in the old settle to the peat fire, much to Tibbie's delight.

"Preserve 's a', Maister Charles, whaur hae ye come frae?—a sicht o' you is gude for sair e'en. Hoo are a' the folks at the Braeside?"

"I've been awa at Aboyne to see Mysie's freens, an' sae I've heard naething o' hame for about three weeks. They were a' fine when I saw them last."



"An' hae ye nae heard the news? Darvel and his men have joined the Prince, and Alistair is awa wi' the lave."

"What! they've gane withoot me. Oh, Tibbie it's ower bad, and me sae willing to go."

He paused for a moment or two, as if deep in thought, then added:

"Ah! well, my father and mother are no as young as they once were, and it wouldna hae been right to leave them alone. Never mind, I'll maybe get a chance yet to show my loyalty."

"Ye dinna need to fear, Maister Charles; ye'll get yer turn as weel as the lave."

"Hoo's my uncle, Tibbie? I've been sae taen up wi' this grand news that I've never even asked for him."

"Oh, he's fine. But ye never saw such an auld fule as he was when he heard of the gatherin'. Naething wad suit him but that I should rank oot his auld Fraser tartan kilt and plaid that he wore in the 'Fifteen'; and, nicht after nicht, when he cam' hame frae the coort, and had gotten his dinner, he wad come ben the hoose to the kitchen, and polish awa' at his auld claymore, as if he had been gaun to tak' the road wi' the young folks."

Just as Tibbie was beginning to wax eloquent in her narration of her master's "antics," as she called them, who should come in but Mr. Fraser himself. Hearing Tibbie's loud tones, he came to find out what was the matter.

"Weel, weel, Charlie, and it's you is it? How are ye, man? I'm blithe to see you. Come awa' but' to my room, and tell me a' the news."

Charles followed his uncle, and while Tibbie busied herself in setting the dinner table, the two enjoyed a pleasant conversation in the room which was the old bachelor's study and living-room.

"I met John Spence, the advocate, this mornin', when I gaed up to the New Toon, and he was tellin' me some things that I didna like to hear. I suppose you young birkies dinna think that an auld fogie like me would take ony interest in your love affairs, but, if ye do, ye're sair mistaken. Alistair and you have aye been very dear to me; and when I heard that auld Garland o' the Knowe had been trying to force Elsie into marrying Alan Kilgour, I was wae for her as weel as for Alistair. It seems that Elsie's father has been hard up for some time back, and Kilgour has been his Shylock. Noo Mr. Shylock demands his pound o' flesh, and he'll not get it if Tam Fraser can prevent it. Kilgour has gone to join George's men; but I found out that before he left he put Garland's note into John Spence's hands for collection, and, if it is not met on demand, he is authorized to sell him oot. I'm glad that you have come at the present time, for I want you to take out to Garland a sum sufficient to meet Kilgour's claim. Tell him it comes from a friend who knows of his difficulties, and who knows also that his sympathies are with the Prince, although he is afraid to give expression to them. Tell him also that when this burden is taken off his shoulders he is not to coerce either his wife or daughter into sympathy with a government which both detest. I do not ask him to declare himself a Jacobite, but he can quite well keep a calm sough, an' say naething."

"I had heard something o' this whispered, and can thoroughly appreciate your goodness. I wad dae onything in my pooer to mak' Alistair and Elsie happy."

"Weel, weel, say nae mair aboot it. I hear the soon' o' Tibbie takin' ben the dinner, so we'll e'en go and wash oor hands, and tak' what's providit."

For many a day afterwards Charles remembered the happy evening he spent under his uncle's hospitable

roof. The old man sat in his cosy armchair, with his glass of port on the small table by his side. Story after story of the "Fifteen" did he relate; he even attempted a verse or two of "The Wee, Wee German Lairdie," making up for want of melody with the sarcastic vim he gave to the words of that, the most sarcastic of the old Jacobite ballads.

When the midnight hour had struck on the old eight-day clock in the hall, he lighted candles for his nephew and himself, and wishing him a good night's rest, retired to his own bedroom.

They had another chat over their breakfast next morning; and then, handing to Charles the money of which he had spoken, Mr. Fraser bade him good-bye and set out for business.

Charles completed his commissions for his father, and taking the north road, made his way homewards.

Having told his father and mother of the task committed to him, he proceeded without delay to the Knowe, to interview Mr. Garland.

He found the worthy farmer and his wife about to sit down to supper, and at their cordial invitation he joined them. He could see that there was a certain amount of restraint upon both of them and so he was careful to avoid any subject of conversation that might add to the difficulty. When the table was cleared, and the trim servant-lass had left the room, he turned his chair towards the cheerful fire, and said:

"I suppose you are both wondering what wind has brought me to the Knowe to-night. If you will just listen to me patiently for a wee while, I'll tell you my story. I have only returned to-day from Aboyne, where I spent a short holiday. While I was away from home I had the fortune to meet with one who has a very kindly regard for you and yours. He has heard of your financial

difficulties, and of your being in the hands of one who will not hesitate to exact the utmost of his bond. This mutual friend wishes to have the privilege of helping you, and he has sent you money enough to clear your feet, and give you a fresh start. He wishes to remain anonymous, and the only condition he attaches to the gift is that you will not coerce either Mrs. Garland or Elsie into sympathy with the Hanoverian crew, and that while you may not wish to declare yourself on the Prince's side, you will at least remain outwardly neutral. Believe me, my dear friends, I have had nothing to do with this proposal; I am only the messenger of a mutual friend, whom you will not try to discover."

To say that both Mr. Garland and his wife were astonished would be but to feebly express the state of their minds. They looked at one another with eyes brimming with tears, neither of them for a brief space being able to speak. At last Mr. Garland turned and grasped the hand of their young friend.

"Charlie, laddie, ye can never ken what a load ye hae taken off my shoulders this night. I have been a proud man, and have not treated my friends with the confidence they deserve. I shall not ask the name of my generous friend, but accept the noble gift in the same spirit in which it is given; and, God helping me, I will try to make myself more worthy of the esteem of my friends."

"I think it would be well, Mr. Garland," said Charles, "if you wrote a kindly letter to Elsie, letting her know of all that has taken place. I will take it upon me to see that it reaches her safely."

Here the motherly heart of Mrs. Garland could no longer be restrained.

"It has been a sair, sair thocht to me that my lassie should na have the chance of choosing her ain husband,

and while I have often felt somewhat bitter towards my ain man for no aye thinking wi' me in this, I ken his heart is richt, but he has had a sair fecht, and circumstances have been ower strong for him. But it's a' richt noo, and Alistair will get my blessing when he comes to get his wife."

"That will he, and mine, too," said the relieved farmer. "I'm ashamed to think that I was such a coward as to allow the fear of trouble to make me cruel to my only bairn."

All being satisfactorily arranged, Charles returned to the Braeside, carrying with him a budget of good news that warmed the hearts of his father and mother.

About a week later he again returned to Aberdeen, this time traveling through the night, and not on horseback as before, but with an ordinary farm cart upon which he had erected a canvas cover similar to that used by the country carrier of the time. Carefully packed in the cart were provisions of all kinds procurable at a farm; and, to all outward seeming, he was simply taking into the market town a quantity of farm produce for sale.

He again spent a night at his uncle's house in the Old Town; and, when morning came, he took his way southward by the east coast road. No longer attired in the comfortable dress of a well-to-do farmer, he now wore a clean, but not new, suit of hodden gray cloth, his head crowned with a broad Tam o' Shanter bonnet, the usual costume of the country carrier.

We need not describe his journey to Perth, which was commonplace and uneventful. In due time he arrived there, and had his carrier's cart and horse put under cover at a quiet stopping-place much frequented by the carrier fraternity. His inner man refreshed, he set out, as he said to the landlady, for a "daunder through the toon." Once on the outskirts, he quickened his pace until he

came to Luncarty House. There he saw Elsie and the two daughters of the laird, who welcomed his happy face as a gleam of sunshine from home.

He told his tale as briefly as possible, and having received many loving messages to the absent ones, returned to the city, and was soon fast asleep in bed.

Next morning saw him up betimes, and once again on the road. He had made up his mind to convey his stock of provisions to Darvel's troop, wherever they might be, but he had to use the greatest care in asking for information as to the route taken by the army, lest his intentions might be discovered and frustrated. However, his "mother-wit," as he called it, stood him in good stead. At the close of a long day's journey he found himself at the Bridge of Stirling, after crossing which he made a considerable detour, to avoid inquisitive strangers. His equipage was so entirely that of an ordinary rural carrier, and he himself so thoroughly conversant with the ways of these men, that no one seemed to have any suspicions regarding him. At the quaint, old-world hamlet of St. Ninian's he found a quiet wayside inn, with good accommodation for man and beast, and here he rested for a night and a part of the next day. Mine host was evidently not without sympathy for the Prince, and gave his guest a glowing account of the hasty retreat of Colonel Gardiner and his men, who had been seen hurrying eastward but a very short time before the advent of the Jacobites. Charles showed no particular leaning to either side, but at the same time listened with intense interest to his tale. The two men discussed their ale and oatencakes as though they had been old friends; neither spoke of his hopes, but each understood the other. In the forenoon of the following day, when Charles resumed his journey, Boniface gave him a hearty good-day, and bade him be sure and call on his way home, with the

news that he might gather. His next night he spent under the shadow of the ancient palace of Linlithgow, where he found many who were not slow to avow their Jacobite tendencies; they told the carrier how the Prince had arrived on a Sunday, just when the people were making ready to go to worship; how their pious duties were suspended for that day, and how Mrs. Glen Gordon, keeper of the palace, had entertained the Prince and his suite with the best at her disposal. Here there seemed to be a strong Jacobite feeling; but Leslie, for all that, used his customary caution, saying as little as possible, and listening eagerly to all they had to tell. The following day at noon found him within sight of the Jacobite troops, resting under the crest of Corstorphine Hill.



## CHAPTER VI.

THE appearance of the carrier's cart among the bivouacked Jacobites was the signal for a gathering of all the unemployed soldiers, eager to know whither the carrier was going, and on what business he was bent.

"Going?" said Charlie; "I am going no further than I am at present. I have business with the Laird of Darvel, and I shall be obliged if you will conduct me to him."

At this there was a general outburst of kindness on the part of the loungers.

"Oh, if he's sib to Darvel, he's of the right sort."

Through groups of soldiers, most of whom were attired in Highland dress, the carrier and his cart were piloted. When they came to the circle where the Buchan horses were picketed, Forbes of Darvel was quick to recognize the newcomer, and came forward with outstretched hand and a cheery word of welcome.

"I was not expecting that you would appear among us, but I need not say how glad I am to see you. At present we are enjoying a quiet time, while the good folks of Edinburgh are making up their minds as to the nature of the reception they will accord us when we make our way up the Grassmarket. Alistair has gone out with a small party to reconnoitre, but we expect them to return very shortly. Now, tell me how we find you here."

The young farmer gave a low laugh and said:

"I have not come to join the troop, sir, much as I should like to do so. I am simply acting as an agent of the commissariat. My mother has sent a supply of provisions for the men; I am also the bearer of many messages to you from the young ladies at Luncarty, and to Alistair from various friends. I can only stay for a

day or so to rest; and when I set out for the north again, I shall be glad to undertake any business you may be pleased to commit to my care. Now that the rising has actually begun, it may be as well for you to have some organized means of communication with your friends in the north. In that way I may be able to render some little service to the Prince, without leaving the old folks unprotected."

"Surely, Charles, if ever a man had cause to thank God for the loyalty of his friends, I have. We of the 'persecuted remnant' have taken up this cause as a religious duty, and I rejoice that so many fully realize this. I could never, at my advanced age, have taken a share in this campaign had I not felt that the God of our fathers was with us. I am fondly hoping that an opportunity may be afforded us of joining with others of the 'Gentle Persuasion' in Edinburgh in the Holy Eucharist according to the use of our old Scottish Church. There is still a meeting-place in Carrubber's Close, whence the faithful have not yet been driven. But,—here come our scouts. Alistair has a pleasant surprise in store for him."

Charles turned his eyes in the direction indicated by Darvel, and saw a small detachment of six, one of whom he easily recognized as his brother, coming towards them at a smart trot, and he at once returned to his cart. Alistair did not at first observe Charles, whose back was turned to him; but as soon as he reported to his superior officer, he followed his men, who had gone to picket their horses. As he approached the cart, and saw the well-known figure in the droll attire, he laughed aloud for very joy.

"Man, Charlie, but I'm delighted to see you! Tie up your horse, and come and give me all the news. How are my father and mother? I hope they're not beginning to fret about us."

The men did not require any pressing to unload the cart and distribute some of its contents. It was a glorious moonlit night, and never did old Luna look down on a happier scene than on those stalwart citizen-soldiers, as they sat on the soft green grass and partook of the wholesome fare sent them from home. As yet they had experienced nothing of the din and panoply of war; but they knew it could not be long kept back. They ate and were thankful, not knowing when or where their next happy meal might be.

The two brothers sat a little apart from the rest, in earnest conversation. When Alistair was made aware of all that had taken place at the Knowe, he was so charged with deepest gratitude for the turn affairs had taken that he could scarcely utter a word. At last he spoke.

"We've aye been leal to ane anither Charlie, and I dinna need to tell you what I think about a' ye've done for Elsie and me. God bless Uncle Thomas and you. Hae ye any idea o' the whereabouts of Alan Kilgour?"

Charlie had just time to remark that Alan Kilgour had been seen to board a vessel sailing north when a message arrived, summoning Alistair to the presence of his chief. On his return, a few minutes afterwards, he said:

"It has been reported that a party of foot-soldiers are approaching cautiously along the road from Edinburgh. My party of scouts are to go out again, and keep them from getting to know the strength of the Prince's troops."

"Douglas," he said to one of the men, "let Charlie have your horse, and take your place. Now, lads, we'll need to take a roundabout way, and surround these redcoats before they see us."

The little party rode quietly down a little hollow towards the south, where there was a long, narrow plantation which afforded them excellent cover, and, as the

ground was soft, their horses' hoofs made so little sound that when they rounded the end of the copse the Hanoverian soldiers saw they were surrounded and stood still.

Giving orders to his party to wait for orders, Alistair rode forward and called upon the enemy to halt.

"What is the meaning of this stealthy approach, sir," he said, addressing the lieutenant in charge, "when it is understood that negotiations are being carried on between the Prince and the authorities of the government in the city? What do you and your party want here?"

The Hanoverian officer seemed annoyed at the imputation cast upon him, and answered somewhat tartly:

"We are King George's men, sent out to obtain some information as to our opponents. You have the advantage of us on the present occasion, but our turn will come. What is your pleasure?"

"My pleasure," said the young cornet, "is that you and your men return as speedily as possible to those who sent you, and tell them that Prince Charles awaits patiently their reply to the overtures he has sent. These are all the orders I am empowered to give you. Doubtless, as you insinuate, we shall meet again soon. I wish you good-night, sir."

Then, turning to his own company, he said:

"Keep your position, and allow our friends to return to the city with the budget of information they have collected as to the strength and position of the Prince's forces."

His men did as they were commanded, and the red-coats at once began to retrace their steps.

On the way back to camp, Charles, who rode by his brother's side, seemed excited and nervous. When the first quiet chance was afforded him he said eagerly:

"Uncle's suspicions were well-founded, Charlie. Alan Kilgour is in that company, and, while I tried not to allow him to think I had recognized him, I could see the sinister sneer upon his face, as if he were saying: 'Now I know where to lay hands on the young cock that crawls socrously!' Charlie, my lad, you'll need to be unceasing in your watch. If Kilgour were a true man, and a loyal follower of the government, I would have no fear; but he is only there for the most selfish purposes, and he will resort to any plan, however dastardly, if it will only enable him to gain his end."

For some time Alistair rode along, deep in thought; then starting, as if an idea had suddenly taken possession of him, he said:

"Are you too tired to take sentry duty with Jamie Ramsay to-night, Charlie? After what you have told me, I should not be at all astonished if Kilgour returns to try and discover why you are here; and there are some of the Highland soldiers who might be induced to betray us."

Charles gave an easy laugh as he replied:

"Tired, Alistair, why—I am fresher than any man here. My journey has been as yet but a pleasant jaunt. Of course I can, and will, keep watch."

On their arrival at Darvel's quarters the two brothers sought the old man, and reported all they had seen. The chief at once gave his sanction to their proposal, and Charles, armed with a brace of good flint-lock pistols, set out to patrol the camp. By midnight all was still inside the Jacobite lines. A few tents had been set up for the use of the older officers, but the great body of the army bivouacked in the fields. A dark cloud had come up and obscured the face of the moon, which rendered it difficult to identify the men on guard at the various outposts. Charles was pacing along quietly by the side

of a thick blackthorn hedge which separated two of the fields when his quick ear caught the sound of a voice which sounded familiar to him. He knew at once that his brother's forebodings had proved true, and that Kilgour had already begun to get things in train for the carrying out of his black purpose. Creeping along quietly in the direction whence the voice proceeded, he soon found himself very close to them, but on the opposite side of the hedge. Evidently, Kilgour was posing as a Jacobite, and was talking to his companion, as if he, too, were one of the guard. Taking his flask from his pocket, he handed it to the other, saying:

"It is good usquebae, and will help to keep out the cold. Take a good dram. There is more where that came from."

A low gurgling sound indicated that the bait was taking. Now was the time to get news.

"Who was the stout young man I saw riding with Darvel's men this evening? He did not seem to be one of the troop."

The good cheer loosened the tongue of the sentry, who seemed entirely off his guard.

"Oh, you will mean the man with the cart. Yiss, yiss, he is a brother of Darvel's cornet, young Leslie, and he came into camp today with a supply of provisions for their troop. I was talking to Archie Ramsay, and he says that Charles Leslie, that iss, the young man with the cart, gave papers to Darvel, and Archie heard the chief say that he has more papers to give him, to take with him when he goes away tomorrow. Ach, these people from the Lowlands, they are only Sassenachs, but they keep near the Prince, and he treats them as if they were of the chief's own tail."

"Yes, I know of them," said Kilgour in a sympathetic tone. "Here—man—take another dram of the good stuff. You'll need it before morning."

Evidently no great pressure was needed; the flask again changed hands, and in a few minutes the heavy, stentorian breathing of the sentry told that the well-drugged liquor had taken effect. Now was the time for action. Changing coats and headgear with the sleeper, Kilgour picked up the gun which the sentry had dropped, and set out to find what he sought, before the light of returning day should compel him to leave the camp.

What his exact intentions were it would be hard to say. He made his way to where the Darvel men lay, being guided thither by the position of the picketed horses. Rightly imagining that Alistair, as orderly, would be near his chief, he slunk around the tent to see if all was safe, and was just about to enter it when Charles, who had kept him carefully in sight, suddenly threw himself upon him and kept him pinned to the ground. The noise of the scuffle roused the men who were nearest, Alistair among the rest, and very soon the Hanoverian spy was bound hand and foot and committed to the care of the guard, from whom there was little chance of escape.

We can readily imagine the feelings of the young cornet when he saw his contemptible rival a prisoner in the hands of his friends. He felt that a merciful Providence had interposed to keep him from present harm, and he was grateful accordingly.

When Kilgour was brought before the assembled chiefs and officers the indignation of some was so bitter that they would at once have had him strung up to the nearest tree. The Prince, when the case was referred to him, gave a calm and pacific judgment, which sent the spy back to the care of the guard, until an understanding was arrived at by the Prince and the people of Edinburgh.

The delay of the Edinburgh authorities to reply to the Prince's demand for unconditional surrender of the city

was made with a view to the gaining of time, to allow Sir John Cope to bring up his troops from Dunbar, where he had landed them. This, however, was by no means satisfactory to the Jacobites, and a message to this effect was sent by the deputation who had come to treat with them. Nine hundred men were detached, under Cameron of Lochiel, to blow up one of the city gates and force an entrance. These followed up close upon the heels of the deputation, and when the Nether Bow Port was opened to admit the latter, the Highlanders made a rush through the comparatively unprotected gate, removed the guards quietly from their posts, and before the city knew what had happened it was in the hands of the Jacobites. The entry of the Prince and the main body of the troops took place on the following day.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE entry of the Jacobite forces into Edinburgh caused comparatively little disturbance. Although determined to obtain possession of the capital, Prince Charles knew better than to stultify himself by assuming the role of a conqueror, when no real opposition had been offered to him. He was content to take what he considered his own by right of lineage. By many of the good folks of the "Maiden Town" he was regarded as a presumptuous intruder; at the same time it must not be forgotten that there were not a few, of all sorts and conditions, who devoutly looked to him as the last hope of the "hapless Stuart line," which, in spite of its many weaknesses and shortcomings and sins, yet retained a strong hold on their affections. It has sometimes been urged that the charming personality of the Prince entirely accounted for the wondrous enthusiasm evoked by the Rising of the Forty-five; and, had it been any other country than douce, undemonstrative Scotland, this might have been so. As it was, there can be no doubt but that there were other elements of a far more serious character moving the actors in this pathetic drama. Was it not, rather, the deep-seated hatred of everything English, and of the dynasty which was so alien to their Scottish hearts? Necessity had compelled many to hide their deepest feelings and desires, and to make the best of what they could not alter; but no sooner was there a ray of hope for the "Cause" which they had never forgotten, than they came out prepared to link their fortunes with those of the Young Chevalier.

The romantic character of the whole rising is apt to blind many to the fact that there were men on both sides who never gave their country's weal a moment's

thought, but simply espoused that party which gave most promise to their selfish aspirations. Such a man was Alan Kilgour—a mean, sordid soul, without a tinge of patriotism in his nature—a man so bent on the attainment of his own ends that it was for him an easy descent to the perpetration of crime. Not without a certain amount of natural ability, he could bide his time patiently until the opportunity for action presented itself. His way was shrouded in an almost preternatural coolness which made it hard to detect. His conduct while held a prisoner by the Jacobites was sullen and indifferent. He showed no desire for freedom, and when his liberty was restored to him by the command of the Prince he said not a word, but went out into the High street, and in a few minutes was lost in the stream of citizens passing to and fro. Evidently his plans were already formed, for he showed no hesitation, but made for a house in the old White Horse Close, which he entered as if quite at home there. As soon as day dawned on the following morning he was astir and making ready for a journey. Doffing the military garb he had been wearing, he attired himself in a long riding-coat, such as was worn by country gentlemen of the time, with headgear and other accompaniments to correspond. His short black hair was entirely covered by a well-trimmed wig; indeed, no one only casually acquainted with him would ever have detected in the middle-aged civilian the smart military officer of the previous day.

Obtaining his horse from a stable in one of the numerous lanes off the Grassmarket, he got into the saddle and rode leisurely through the West Port, just as if he were setting out over a well-known road to his home in the country. Through Corstorphine and Kirkliston and Winchburgh he made his way, ascending to the rising ground, from which he could look backwards and forwards for several

miles and watch the movements of other travelers, especially such a one as the simple Aberdeenshire carrier in whom he was at the present time chiefly interested. His vigilance was presently rewarded by the appearance of the covered cart about a mile ahead of him. Through the streets of the quaint town of Linlithgow, past the Old Palace and Loch, and the beautiful Chapel Royal, the two passed, a space of about a quarter of a mile intervening between them, then out again into the open country, through Falkirk to Stirling, which was reached just at sunset. There was nothing about the carrier or his humble equipage to excite the curiosity of the government men who were out in considerable numbers in the streets, and so Charles Leslie proceeded to the western outskirts, where he found a resting-place for the night. Kilgour, when he noted the place, returned to an inn in the town, where he stayed until morning. For a day and a half he kept the cart in view until Perth was reached, where the utmost care had to be used lest he should lose his quarry or allow himself to be discovered. By dint of a careful system of espionage he learned that Leslie would stay for a day or two in the "Fair City," and his vigilance was redoubled. On more than one occasion the two were on the eve of meeting; Kilgour, ever on the alert, managed, however, to avoid collision.

His hour had not yet come. In the gloaming of the second day after their arrival in Perth, Charles set out to fulfil his chief's wishes and to hand over the letters given to him to their respective owners, the young lady guests at Luncearty House. Close behind him came his crafty enemy, keeping well out of sight, but all on the "qui vive" to discover young Leslie's destination.

When he saw the "soi-disant" carrier turn in at the entrance gates and proceed up the avenue to the mansion house, his brain began to work actively and the idea came

to him that here there was a Jacobite of some importance, to whom communications were being sent by the Prince. If he could only secure these and return with them to his own leader in Edinburgh it would mean a feather in his cap when the insurrection was over and honors were being handed around. Quietly but swiftly he stepped upon the well-kept grass that bordered the avenue, and by keeping well in the shade of the overhanging trees was soon within a few feet of the unsuspecting Charles. With one wild dash he sprang upon the carrier, hurling him to the ground. But his opponent was not one to yield without a struggle. Over and over the two contestants rolled, the advantage seeming for a time to be doubtful. Kilgour's physique was coarse and muscular, while Charles was lithe and wiry. Fearing lest brute force should prevail, he resorted to stratagem, and feigning to be stunned and played out he gradually ceased struggling. Now was Kilgour's chance. He tore open the carrier's coat and began to rifle its pockets, when, like a shaft from a bow, Charles sprang to his feet and by an adroit kick partially disabled his opponent and completely overpowered him. Snatching his cravat from his throat, he quickly bound his hands behind his back, and with a firm grasp on his left arm forced him to precede him to the house. Leslie's vigorous knock at the door speedily brought the old man-servant, and behind him the laird. Mr. Murray, as he first appeared to Charles Leslie, was a splendid specimen of his class. Tall and erect, in spite of his advanced age, he looked what he was—the scion of a family that had in its time helped to make the history of Scotland.

“What means all this noise at my doors? Who are you, sir?” addressing Charles, “and who is this man whom you bring here bound?”

Charles had barely secured an entrance for himself and his prisoner when the three young ladies were seen approaching to find out the cause of the disturbance, and there was no need for him to give any reply. Elsie's exclamation was enough to reveal his identity.

"Charles Leslie," said Mr. Murray. "Oh! I've heard of you before. And your prisoner, who is he, and what has he done that you treat him thus?"

Elsie's look when she recognized Kilgour was one of quiet and dignified triumph, and she eagerly awaited the explanation.

"This mean poultroun," said Charles, "is Alan Kilgour, lately an aspirant for the hand of this young lady; but he takes a strange way of gaining the esteem of her best friends. Twice has he made an effort to do them grievous bodily hurt, and twice he has been foiled. I was making my way here with some letters from Mr. Forbes of Darvel to his daughters, and from my brother, Alistair Leslie, to his affianced bride, when this gallant Hanoverian officer fell upon me and tried to rifle the contents of my pockets. Fortunately for me, Mr. Murray, I learned one or two wrestling tricks while I was at the Aulton Grammar School, and the gentleman did not succeed as he expected."

Here Kilgour broke in. "This young rooster crows very crouselly, but perhaps he is not aware that I have the means of breaking up the pretty schemes of his young springald brother; aye, and I'll do it."

"There is no need for any bluster here," quietly replied Mr. Murray. "Your sleuth-hound has lost his fangs. But we are keeping you from the rest you seem sadly in need of. Mr. Leslie, follow me with your prisoner and we will find him a resting-place for the night."

Up two flights of stairs the three men went, until they found themselves in a small spareroom, scantily

furnished, and with windows so small that it was quite impossible for a grown man to effect his escape in that way.

"Here is your bedroom, Mr. Alan Kilgour; not luxurious, 'tis true, but good enough for one of your despicable character. I am sorry that the exigencies of the case will necessitate our locking the door. In the morning we will determine what to do. Take off your shackles, Mr. Leslie."

Having seen him securely confined, the laird and his visitor returned to the ladies, who were anxiously waiting to hear all that Charles had to relate. The various letters were carefully perused and the whole affair was eagerly discussed. The midnight hour had struck on the old clock in the hall when the household retired to rest.

In the morning Mr. Murray, in his capacity as a Justice of the Peace, committed Kilgour to the common jail in Perth to await his trial. A meeting of the magistrates was held, and it was decided to retain him in custody pending further inquiry. On the morning of the second trial the jailor who went to escort the prisoner to the Justice Hall found that the bird had flown, and the warder who had him in charge had also disappeared.

There was no reason for Charles remaining any longer in Perth, and so he made his way home as speedily as possible.

Kilgour, in the meantime, had succeeded in returning to his regiment, which was now lying at Prestonpans.

The story of the short but decisive battle fought there between the Jacobites, under the Prince, and the Hanoverians, under Sir John Cope, has often been told, but there is an element of romance as well as of humor about it that makes it ever welcome to those who favored the old line. All night the two armies lay around their

camp-fires. At dawn of day the Jacobites, led by a friendly farmer, silently crossed the dangerous bog that lay between them and the Hanoverians, dashed upon their foes with true Highland fury, discharged their firearms with an irregular but well-directed fire, took them completely by surprise, and in a very short time the field was their own. Still on they pressed, driving all before them. Cope did not wait to rally his men, but took horse, and never drew rein until he reached Dunbar. Among those who followed Cope was Alan Kilgour, but he had hardly left his own men when he found himself confronted by Alistair Leslie, who, with the half troop of Darvel's Horse, was told off to prevent the retreat of the government dragoons. The young cornet dashed after Kilgour and demanded his surrender. But despair lent courage to the fugitive. He drew his sword and, with a loud curse, tried to disarm his opponent. For a brief space there was a clash of weapons. Alistair had his left arm broken with a heavy blow, but his native pluck and robust health kept him up. He circled around his adversary once or twice, then, seizing the advantage, plunged his sword into the side of Kilgour, who fell from his horse and was dragged by the stirrup, from which he had been unable to extricate himself. When his charger was stopped by one of Darvel's men Kilgour was dead.

Alistair was suffering seriously from his wound, and had to be conveyed to a neighboring cottage, where a surgeon attended to him and soon had him sufficiently recovered to be taken to Edinburgh.

He was unable to take part in the rejoicings that followed the victory; but that did not disturb him. The knowledge that this miserable enemy, who had done so much to spoil his life and that of the fair maiden whom he loved with all his heart, was forever removed from his path was enough for him. He did not rejoice over the

death of one whose opposition was fair and honorable, but who was mean, selfish and dastardly. For a time he remained with his chief, acting as his secretary, but the stubborn nature of his wound necessitated his retiring from active service; and so, when a suitable opportunity occurred, he sailed in a small coasting vessel to Aberdeen, where he remained for some considerable time under the watchful care of his uncle, Thomas Fraser, and Tibbie, his faithful friend and housekeeper. To the day of his death Alistair's left arm remained practically useless, but that in nowise hampered him in his work as an advocate, which in due course he became.

In the summer of 1746 Elsie and he were married and took up their abode at the old house so long tenanted by his uncle. Mr. Fraser spent the remainder of his days with the young couple, and there were no stauncher adherents of the "Gentle Persuasion" in Aberdeen than the members of that little household. When good Dean Skinner was brought from Linshart by Cumberland's men and was thrown into the Aberdeen Tolbooth, no one was more kind and attentive to the prisoner for conscience's sake than were "The White Rose of Darvel" and her young husband. Many a cheery talk did Alistair have with the dean and his young son, who had been his father's companion in prison; and, when, in 1784, John Skinner the younger, as Bishop of Aberdeen, acted as one of the consecrators of Dr. Samuel Seabury, the first Bishop of the American Episcopate, no one rejoiced more than did Alistair in the priceless gift sent to America by the Church of the Gentle Persuasion in Scotland.

[THE END]



